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THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

III.

XI.—DONALD CAMERON, known among the Highlanders as *Domhnall Dubh*, or Black Donald, and from whom the chief of the clan takes his patronymic of "MacDhomh'uill Duibh," succeeded his brother Ewen, at a turbulent period in the history of the Highlands. He was with Donald, second Lord of the Isles, at the battle of Harlaw, in 1411, where many of his followers were slain. He also joined Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, in 1429, when the Island lord, at the head of a large force, burnt and pillaged the town of Inverness, and then retired, with his followers, to Lochaber, where he was met by King James in person, commanding a powerful body of royalists, who, taking the Lord of the Isles unexpectedly, routed his followers. On the appearance of the king the Camerons and the Mackintoshes deserted the Lord of the Isles and joined the royalists. Alexander sued for peace, and shortly after came to terms with the king. His friends, however, did not forgive the Camerons for deserting him and going over to the king at Lochaber, and Donald Balloch ultimately took full revenge upon the clan, compelling themselves

to escape to their mountain fastnesses, and their chief to flee for safety to Ireland, where he remained for several years; while in his absence, his lands of Lochaber, of which the Lord of the Isles was superior, were bestowed upon John Garve Maclean, progenitor and founder of the Macleans of Coll.* Domhnall Dubh, however, after a time, returned and drove the Macleans out of the district, killing their young chief, John "Abrach" (so called from his residence in Lochaber), who disputed possession with him.†

Gregory, after referring to these proceedings, states that John, Earl of Ross, granted the same lands at a later period to John Maclean of Lochbuy, and again to Celestine, Lord of Lochalsh. "It is natural," he says, "to suppose that the Clanchameron, the actual occupants of Lochiel, would resist these various claims; and we know that John Maclean, second Laird of Coll, having held the estate for a time by force, was at length killed by the Camerons, in Lochaber, which checked for a time the pretensions of the Clan Gillean. But as the whole of that powerful tribe were now involved in the feud—some from a desire to revenge the death of Coll, others from their obligations to support the claims of Lochbuy—the chief of the Camerons was forced to strengthen himself by acknowledging the claim of the Lord of Lochalsh [to whom the Earl of Ross granted the Cameron lands after he granted them to Maclean.] The latter [Lochalsh] immediately received Cameron as his vassal in Lochiel, and thus became bound to maintain him in possession against all who pretended to dispute his right to the estate."‡ The Macgillories, curiously enough, supported the Macleans against the rest of the Camerons on this occasion. For this they suffered very severely afterwards, but ultimately became reconciled to their immediate friends, and they nearly all adopted the name of Cameron.

* For a full account of the proceedings at Harlaw, Inverness, and Lochaber, see *The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, by the same author, pp. 60 to 87.

† Seannachie's *History of the Macleans*, p. 306. Skene calls Maclean "Ewen."

‡ *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, p. 76. In a charter, dated 1492, Alexander of Lochalsh styles himself "Lord of Lochiel."

The lands of Lochiel were, according to the best authorities, "probably included in those of Louchabre in the grant of the Earldom of Moray by King Robert Bruce to Thomas Ranulph between 1307 and 1314. In the year 1372, or 1373, King Robert II. confirmed a grant by John of Yle to Reginald of Yle his son of 60 marklands in Lochabre, including Loche and Kylmald (apparently Lochiel and Kilmalie). In 1461 John of Yle, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted to his kinsman John the son of Murdac M'Gilleoin of Lochboyg the following lands in Locheale in his lordship of Lochaber, namely, the lands of Banvy, Mykannich, Fyelyn and Creglwing, Corpych, Innerat, Achydo, Kilmailze, Achymoleag, Drumfarmolloch, Faneworwill, Fafarna, Stonsonleak, Correbeg, Achitolledoun, Keanloch, Drumnasalze, Culenap, Nahohacha, Clerechaik, Mischerolach, Crew, Salachan, and the half of Lyndaly." The same authority says that the lands of Locharkaig were included in the Earldom of Moray, granted as above to Thomas Randolph, between 1307 and 1314, and that "in 1336 John of Isla, afterwards Lord of the Isles, granted the lands of Glenluy and Locharkaig to William Macintosh, chief of Clanchattan. From that period the lands are said to have been the subject of a deadly feud between the Clanchattan and the Clanchameron for upwards of three hundred years. In 1372, or 1373, King Robert II. confirmed a grant of the lands of Locharkage, made by John Yle to Reginald of Yle his son. Between the years 1443 and 1447, Alexander, Lord of the Isles, is said to have confirmed to Malcolm Macintosh, chief of the Clanchattan, his lands in Lochaber (including Glenluy and Locharkaig), and to have granted him the office of Bailie of the district. For several years after 1497, the same lands, belonging to the Clanchattan, were forcibly held by the Clanchameron." * We shall have occasion to notice the consequent feuds and sanguinary fights between the two clans as we proceed. Meanwhile it may be well to give the family chronicler's version of the incidents, to which we have just referred.

Having described the part Donald Dubh and his followers took at Harlaw and at Inverlochy, and their desertion, with the Mackintoshes, at the latter, from the Earl of Ross to the King, he says that, "though the Camerons and Mackintoshes agreed in their

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiae*, Part I. Vol. II. 181-183.

principles of loyalty, yet their formal quarrell about the estate divided them as much as ever, and brought them to an engagement on Palm Sunday, which was fought with that obstinacy and fury that most of the Mackintoshes, and almost the whole tribe of the Camerons, were cutt to peices." He then gives an account of Donald Balloch's victory, shortly after, over the Royal forces, under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, when the latter was killed, and the former wounded, making a narrow escape with his life; and then proceeds to say that "Donald Balloch, having now no enemy to oppose him, he turned his fury against the Camerons, and wasted all Lochaber with fire and sword. Donald [Dubh], their chief, drew all this mischief upon him and his clan for doeing their duty," and he further informs us that, in addition to his chief having deserted the Earl of Ross and joined the king on the previous occasion, he now, when Donald Balloch himself commanded the Islanders, added a fresh cause of resentment; for he not only positively refused to assist in the present rebellion, but he openly declared for the king, and was drawing his men together in order to join his generals when they were unhappily defeated by Donald and his followers from the Isles. "This double defection enraged the victorious Balloch to such a degree of fury that he came to a resolution of extirpating the whole clan, but they wisely gave way, and retreated to the mountains, till the storm blew over. Donald, their chief, was obliged to take shelter in Ireland, though some say that he went not thither till some time thereafter that he was condemned to banishment, by an unjust decree of the Earl of Ross, and the Counceil of Parliament, as some people affect to call it. . . . Donald, chief of the Camerons, was soon recalled from Ireland by the groans of his people, who were crewelly oppressed and plundered by a robber from the north, called Hector Bui M'Coan, who, with a party of ruffians tooke the opportunity of his absence to infest the countrey. Being joyned by a sufficient party of his clan, he pursued the robbers, who fled upon the news of his arival, and overtook them at the head of Lochness. But Hector, with his prisoners, for he had taken many, and among them Samuel Cameron of Gleneviss, head of an antient tribe of that clan, escaped him by taking sanctuary in a strong house called Castle Spiriten, where he barbarously murdered them. In revenge of their death,

Donald caused two of Hector's sons, with others of their gang who had fallen into his hands, to be hanged in view of the father, a wretch so excessively savage that he refused to deliver them by way of exchange, though earnestly pressed to it." The author then gives an account of the contentions between the Camerons and the Macleans already referred to, in which the latter were defeated, and their leader killed, at Corpach. When Donald Dubh became "Master of the charters he [Maclean] had from the Earl of Ross, he destroyed them," and chased Maclean's surviving followers out of Lochaber. "Donald's next business," he continues, "was with the Mackintoshes. Alexander, then chief of that clan, had not only reconciled himself with the Earl, but so far insinuated himself into his favours, that he obtained from him a charter to the disputed lands of Glenlui and Locharkicke, and some time thereafter procured a grant of the stewardry and Bailiary of all Lochaber. In a word, he took possession of the estate, which occasioned many fierce skirmishes, and the issue was that the Mackintoshes were in the end obliged to retire into their own country. The rest of his estate, which had been likewise given away, he soon recovered, and possessed in peace during his life." *

The Lord of the Isles, shortly after his liberation, was made Justiciar of the Kingdom of Scotland north of the Forth, and, soon after, a perfect understanding seems to have been arrived at between him and Mackintosh; while his enmity to the Camerons seems, if possible, to have become more intense than ever. The reconciliation with Mackintosh, according to a recent writer, "is the more strange, as he appears never to have forgiven the Camerons for the part they had taken against him in 1429. The unvaried loyalty exhibited by the chiefs of Mackintosh to his family previously to 1429, and the good service done his father at Harlaw by Malcolm Mackintosh himself, no doubt went a great way in inclining him to show favour to the Clan Chattan; yet so far as former loyalty was concerned, the Camerons were equally entitled to consideration. There must, therefore, have been some reason for the difference of conduct which Alexander pursued towards the two clans, for the munifi-

* *Memoirs of Lochell*, Author's Introduction, pp. 16-19.

cence with which he treated the one, and for the rigour with which he persecuted the other. This reason may possibly lie in the fact that while Mackintosh had been openly on the side of the king for some time before Alexander's defeat in Lochaber, the chief of the Camerons had contributed, in no small degree, to that defeat, by his desertion on the eve or after the commencement of the campaign. Another reason may be that Alexander hoped, by making the Clan Chattan his instruments in hunting down the Camerons, to obtain revenge on both clans at the same time, by giving them a pretext for slaughtering each other. However this may be, one of his first proceedings on being made Justiciar of the North, was to take measures against the Camerons. He had an excuse for pursuing them, ready to his hand, in their resistance to Mackintosh's claims on the lands of Glenlui and Locharkaig; and it was with his connivance, if not with his authority, that the Clan Chattan began, in 1441, to invade and harry the Cameron lands. In this year a sanguinary conflict took place at Craig Cailloch between the two clans, in which Mackintosh's second son, Lachlan 'Badenoch,' was wounded, and Gillichallum, his brother, killed. This was followed by a raid under Duncan, Malcolm's eldest son, in which the Cameron lands were harried. In the end, Donald Dubh, then chief of the Camerons, was forced by the inveterate animosity of the Justiciar to flee to Ireland."*

Donald Dubh is admitted on all hands to have been a man of extraordinary parts, combining great prudence with bravery and other fighting qualities of the very highest order, and no better evidence is required of his great popularity among his own people than the fact that the chiefs of the clan continue to be styled after him in the vernacular to this day as "MacDhomh'uill Duibh." He is said to have married the heiress of Macmartin of Letterfinlay, to have succeeded to her property, and, at the same time, to have united by this marriage the Camerons and Macmartins, not only under one chief, but so completely that most of the Macmartins adopted the name of Cameron. He is said, in the "Memoirs," to have had two sons, Ewen and Donald, both of whom are stated to have succeeded him, one

* *History of the Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan*, by Alexander Mackintosh-Shaw.

after the other. This can scarcely be correct. Indeed, the author himself describes them in a manner which proves that even if two chiefs of the names mentioned had succeeded they could not have been brothers; for while he calls the first "Ewen M'Coilduy," or Ewen the son of *Donald*, he calls the latter Donald Dow M'Ewen, or Donald Dubh son of *Ewen*. Neither of these appear on record, while Skene, Gregory, and all the best authorities agree that Donald Dubh was succeeded by his son,

XII.—ALLAN CAMERON, so well known in the history and traditionary lore of his country as "Ailean MacDhomh'uill Duibh." He became a vassal of Celestine, Lord of Lochalsh, and keeper of his Castle of Strone, in Lochcarron.* In 1472 Celestine "granted lands in Ross to Allan *the son* of Donald Duff, Captain of the Clancamroun."† These lands comprised the twelve merk lands of Kishorn, and, in the charter, Celestine calls him his "beloved kinsman, Allan, the son of Donald Duff, or Dow, Captain of the Clan Cameron," to whom the lands are given, and to the heirs-male lawfully begotten, or to be begotten, between him and Mariot, lawful daughter to Angus, *Dominus de Isles*, and, in default, to his other heirs-male by any subsequent marriage, and, these failing, to the heirs-male of Ewen, his brother german, and, failing these, to return to the granter and his heirs. The document is dated the last day of November 1472. Allan is also described in several charters to his successors as *the son* of Donald Dubh; but it is quite clear, from the charter just quoted, that he must have had a brother Ewen, though it is equally clear from Allan's designation, as Captain of the clan, during Ewen's life, that Ewen was a younger brother.

Allan MacDhomh'uill Duibh is acknowledged to have been one of the bravest warriors of his time. He is said "to have made thirty-two expeditions into his enemy's country for the thirty-two years that he lived, and three more for the three-fourths of a year that he was in his mother's womb. Whatever truth may be in this, it is certain that his good fortune failed him in the end; for being too much elated with his former successes he again made preparations for another invasion, of which his next neighbour, Keppoch (who, for I know not what reason, had

* Gregory's *Highlands and Isles*; and Reg. of Great Seal XII. 203.

† *Origines Parochiales Scottiæ*; and Reg. Great Seal Lib. XIII., No. 203.

conceived an enmity against Allan), having information, he advised Mackintosh of the design, and promising to follow him in the rear with all the men he could raise, he formed a plot for cutting his party to pieces. Allan had no notice of the contrivance, and, despising an enemy which he had so often insulted, proceeded in his intended invasion. Mackintosh was prepared to oppose him, but artfully delayed engaging till Keppoch came up, and attacked him in the rear. In short, the Camerons were obliged, after an obstinate fight, and the death of their chief, who was killed during the heat of the action, to give way, in their turn, to the superior numbers of the confederates.*

The family manuscript says that Allan married Marion, daughter of Angus, Lord of the Isles, and grandchild of the Earl of Ross. This cannot be correct. Angus Og of the Isles, who is referred to, had no daughters that we know of, nor was he ever in reality Lord of the Isles; for he died several years before his father. He was an illegitimate son, and the only issue of his of whom anything is known, is the famous Donald Dubh, afterwards styled Lord of the Isles, whose legitimacy of birth has also been stoutly contested. Allan, in point of fact, married Mariot, daughter of Angus Macdonald, known among the Highlanders as "Aonghas na Feairte," second of Keppoch, who is styled "Angus de Insulis," in a charter of confirmation granted to "Alano Donaldi capitanei de Clan-Cameron et heredibus inter ipsum Alanum et Mariotam Angussii de Insulis." The lady's paternal grandfather was thus, Alastair Carrach Macdonald, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by his second wife, Lady Margaret, daughter of King Robert II. of Scotland. Alastair Carrach himself is referred to in a complaint by William, Bishop of Moray, in 1398, as "Magnificus vir et potens, Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Louchabre."† This is at least as good and illustrious an ancestry as the tainted one claimed by the family genealogist from Angus Og, the bastard son of John, fourth and last Earl of Ross, and Lord of the Isles.

Allan was succeeded by his son, Ewen MacAllan.

* *Memoirs of Lochell*, Author's Introduction, p. 24.

† *The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles*, by the same author, pp. 479-480.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

ORIGIN OF THE MACGILLONY CAMERONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for November you have commenced the interesting history of the Clan Cameron, and whatever be the origin of the clan, whether Danish or Celtic, the origin of the name is unquestionably pure Gaelic—Cam-a-shroin or Sroin-cham. At page 5 you interpret the word Macgillony or Macgillanaigh to mean the Son of the Prophet. Our tradition concerning that name is different in Argyllshire, and somewhat as follows:—

At an early period in history, possibly the period referred to at page 6 of the magazine, when Cambro, the Dane, is said to have married an heiress, a daughter of the chief of the Cameron Clan had occasion to be on a stormy day on the rocky seaboard of Corpach, where the waves were lashed into foam by the fury of the tempest. There, in a sheltered cove, protected from the blast by rocky cliffs, on either side, she found, partly covered by the foam, a basket, in which there was carefully put up a male child of heal and healthy appearance. The child was taken home, and brought up in the family of the chief, and, on coming of age, he assumed the name of Cameron, but he was never acknowledged by the clan to be a Cameron, he having not a *crooked* but a *straight* nose.

This Gill-onfhaidh, or Son of the Tempest, married an heiress of a sept of the Clan Cameron, whose descendants became very numerous in Lochaber and so recent as to be in my own recollection. The difference between the two branches was carefully noted by old men of my native parish. The Camerons of the crooked nose resided in Cowal from my earliest recollection, but on one of the other branches coming to the district, I can well remember an old man saying—*Cha Chamskronach idir e, 's ann a tha e do Chloinn-'ic-Onaidh-nan-Toitean a thainig air tìr aig a Chorpach.*

There is much meaning in a name, as instituted by our ancestors, and historians, like Dr Skene, however highly-gifted and educated they may be, should not be allowed to transmute those names to square with modern notions.

The *Sroin-cham* branch of the clan has been noted from time immemorial for the keen relish they have for flesh. In the village of Cladaich, on Lochawe side, there once met a happy wedding party. The best man was a gentleman—a Campbell—and an officer in the army. When seated at the supper-table there sat right opposite him a gentleman of the Clan Cameron. On finishing meals at wedding parties, modest jesting became a frequent pastime. With a design to produce a jest, Campbell fixed his fork into a well polished bone on his plate, and handed it across the table to Cameron, which was the signal to him to favour the company with a jest, or a verse of poetry. Taking the bone in his hand, Cameron replied as follows:—

An *Sergant* Caimbeul so shuas,
Duine uasal o bhun nan cnoc,
Shin e 'n *droll* dhomh thar a bhord,
Ach b'ait leis gu leor a bhi na chorp,

'S ged thug sinne speis do 'n sheoil,
'S car a bhi n 'ar sroin na deigh,
Tha *pairt eile* 's caime beoil,
Cho dheigheal air an sheoil ruinn fein.

To show what a keen felish for flesh was peculiar to this branch of the clan, whether in Cladaich or in other parts of the Highlands, the following story will illustrate :— About fifty-five years ago, there was situated in the district of Arisaig, in Inverness-shire, a John Weir, an officer of excise. His chief duties were to prevent the smuggling of whisky. Mr Weir had occasion to be on business in the town of Inverness, and when passing the jail, whether on the Castlehill or elsewhere in the town, I know not, he saw a man's hand between the iron bars, as if waving him to come upstairs. He was not aware that any one inside knew him, and was passing without paying any attention to the prisoner, on seeing which a voice from within was heard to say, *Ian, a ghaolaich, thig a nios*; on hearing which he ascended the stair; was admitted to the prisoner's cell; and, to his astonishment, there he found a neighbour of his own, a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Mr Weir, in astonishment, exclaimed—

" *Ciod air an t'saoghal Aonghuis, a chuir an so thu !*"

" *Och ! Ian a ghaolaich, nach eil fhios agad !*"

" *Fios, cha 'n eil aon fhios agamsa.*"

" *Nach robh Biorach a bha 'n sid ; Biorach air an do rinn mi greim.*"

" *Ciod am buaireadh a thug dhuitse greim a dheanadh air Biorach duine eile, 's gu leor do Bhioraich agad fein ?*"

" *Och ! Ian, a ghaolaich, nach eil fhios agad ? Na Cama-shronaich so ! na Cam a-shronich da m bheil mise ; saoil thu'm faigh iad blas air feoil, ach an sheoil bhradach !*"

When meeting with one of the Cameron Clan, Mr Weir often related the story of Angus and the Biorach, he being greatly amused by the concluding sentence of the apology Angus made for being a prisoner in the jail of Inverness.

Mr Weir afterwards removed to Kirkintilloch, where he died. He and his widow are buried in the kirkyard of Kilmun.

At page 213 of the *Teachdaire Gaelach* there is an account of a meeting of Lochiel and the Duke of Athol, the conclusion of which agrees with the foregoing regarding the Cameron clan, and their relish for *Feoil*.

A chlanna nan con thigibh 'n so,
A chlanna nan con thigibh 'n so,
A chlanna nan con thigibh 'n so,
S gheobh sibh feoil.

COIRRE-AN-T' SITH.

[We are much obliged to our good and valued friend for his interesting letter; and further communications from him, or from any others, for private use or for publication, in connection with the history and traditions of the Camerons, will be much esteemed by THE EDITOR.]

ORAN CHLANN DOMHNUILL NAN EILEAN.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MAC IAMHAIR (ALEXANDER CAMPBELL).

[Lord Macdonald, on one occasion, invited *Alastair Buidhe* to visit him at Armadale Castle. The bard went, and was so well received and so respectfully treated that he composed the following song, since printed in the "Mountain Songster" without the author's name. It is the only one of the bard's poems which has ever secured the dignity of type, until we began to give them in the *Celtic Magazine*].—

Air Fonn—"Cabarfeidh."

Beir soraidh uam gum eolas,
 Gu Troterneis, 'se b' aite leam,
 An talamh maiseach, boidheach,
 An tìr ro ordail mhearcaiteach,
 Far 'm bheil na daoine coire,
 Dh' fhas fialaidh, mòr, neo-acaineach ;
 Mnai uaisl' is suairce comhradh,
 Gun ghruaim, gun phrois an taice dhoibh.
 An tìr ro-fhairmeil, chluiteach, ainmeal,
 Mhuirneach, mheamnach, mhacanta ;
 Bu lionmhor, sealbhach, iasg na fairge,
 Tric ga mharbhadh 'n taice riu ;
 Thig bradan tarra-gheal, inneach, mealgach,
 Iteach, earra-ghlan, breac-lannach :
 Am fonn 'an dearbhte 'n cinn an t-arbhar
 Diasach, ceanna-mhor, pailt-ghraineach.

B'i sud an dùthaich fhialaidh
 Air an éireadh grian gu moch-thrathach—
 Tìr lùbach, sthrathach, iosal,
 Gu monach, sliabhach, gucagach ;
 Tìr chruachach, sguabach, liontach—
 Tìr mheasail, mhiaghail, thrusganach—
 Tìr mhòr 'tha coir gu biatachd,
 Tìr bhòidheach, lianach, lusanach.
 Tìr bhuadhach, bhlàth, gun chruas, gun chàs,
 A' tigh'nn fo bhlàth gu ruiteagach ;
 An grunn d a b'fhearr o shliabh gu tràigh,
 Gu fasach, lànach, sultmhorra :
 Crodh-laoigh 's gach àit, a' sìor bhreth àil,
 Gu bliochdach, dàrach, sruth-bhainneach ;
 Is grinn a' ghàir aig fuaim nam bà
 'Dol suas ri àird nan uchdanan.

Bi'dh mnathan donna, duallach,
 'N an dàil gu cuachach, cuinneagach,
 'S iad modhail, banail, stuama,
 Neo-ghruamach, uasal, iriosal ;
 Le'n àlach glan mu'n cuairt doibh
 'G an togail suas gu h-innealta,
 'S iad féin gu laghach, suairce,
 Gu caoimhneil, cuanda cinneadail.
 Bi'dh òighean mine, boidheach, finealt',
 Stóilte, rioghail, ion-ghrádhach—
 Gun shuachd, gun ghris, gun ghruaim, gun sgios,
 Ro shnuagh'or, finealt, binneagach :
 A's páirt diubh 'slor chur aird air ni,
 Gun chás, gun strith, gun iomadán ;
 A's páirt, mar chi, le lànachd ni,
 'Cur faigh'm air slod' 's air ghrinneasan.

Bidh daoine tlachdmhor, còir ann
 Ag òl mu bhòrd gu h-oileineach,
 Nach mall, 's nach gann mu'm pòca,
 'S nach dì d'an stòras teir'eachdain ;
 B' i sud an Fhine mhòrail,
 Clann-Dòmhnuaill Mhòr nan Eileanan,
 Nach inndrinn ann an dò-bheairt,
 'S nach tòisich air ni 'cheileadh iad.
 Na laoch 'bha treun ri àm an fheuma,
 Cròdha, gleusda, fearachail ;
 'Bha ullamh, réidh, gu siubhal sléibh,
 Gu ruitheach, leumach, deannalach ;
 Gur math an t-éideadh-crios am féil',
 Am breacan eutrom, ainneamh, orr'
 An uair a dh'éighe 'cheud ratreut
 Gu dol 's an streup gu ceannasach.

'N uair thogte 'bhratach bhalla-bhreac
 Gu meamnach os ceann churaidhean,
 'Ur laochraidh thlachdmhor, dhealbhiach,
 Gur garg an taobh a chuireas iad,
 Nan éireadh fraoch no fearg orr',
 Gu'm b' anmanta, garbh, guineach iad ;
 Cha phillear sibh le armailt
 Ged dheanadh Alba cruinneachadh.
 Bi'dh loingear bhréid-ghéal, cuan 'g a reubadh,
 Seòlach, reultach, iullagach,
 Lamh-dhearg 'ga h-éigheach, cinn 'g am beum,
 Aig seòid nach géill do chunnartan ;
 An taobh a dh'éight' iad, b' ullamh, réidh iad,
 'S maing d' am b' éiginn fuireach riu ;
 Bi'dh feòil gu féisd aig còin an t-sléibh'
 'S gach seòrsa béisd a chruinnicheas !

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

III.—MONTREAL AND GLENGARRY.

RUNNING along the river front for a mile and a-half is a solid wall protected by a rail, and in front, about ten feet lower than the street, are the wharves, so that the visitor standing on the street above, or leaning on the protecting rail, can look down upon the traffic of the busy harbour without feeling himself in the way, or running the risk of being run over by any of the many vehicles continually passing to and fro carrying goods to and from the harbour. If the visitor chooses to walk along the river front he will be pleasantly surprised to find that instead of having—as he might expect, if he is accustomed to walk in the neighbourhood of harbours—to pick his way carefully along a filthy unsavoury thoroughfare, he has before him a street as clean and free from impediments as he needs wish to walk on.

To return to the City. The occasion of my visit to the harbour was to engage my berth for the return voyage. The office of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company (the Allan Line) is on the river street facing the harbour, and there I was treated with that scant courtesy which appears characteristic of the employés of this firm in all their principal offices, the one honourable exception whom I came across being Mr Macdermott, of the Glasgow office.

I spent so much time in making myself familiar with Montreal that the time I had fixed for going westward arrived without my having made the acquaintance of several gentlemen to whom I had been favoured with letters of introduction. Most of these I subsequently met. One I have not yet seen. This is Mr John Macdonald, a native of Tain, and now an accountant in extensive practice in Montreal. After my return home I learned that Mr Macdonald, seeing from one of the morning newspapers that I had registered at the St Lawrence Hall, had called there

for me only to find that I had left for Quebec. I regret not having met Mr Macdonald, of whom I had heard much, and I thank him for his intended kindness to a stranger in a strange land.

One of the gentlemen, the pleasure of making whose acquaintance I had to postpone on the occasion of my first visit to Montreal, was the Hon. D. Macmaster, Q.C., M.P., a successful lawyer and a rising politician. I had employed some of my time on the voyage across the Atlantic in reading one of Mr Macmaster's political speeches while contesting the county of Glengarry, Ontario, at the recent general election in Canada. A great part of the speech read very like a personal attack on his opponent and to me its tone was so distasteful that I was by no means prepossessed in favour of its author. It was, perhaps, therefore as well that I did not see Mr Macmaster while I was new to Canada. When I came to know a little more of Canadian politics and the amenities of political life in that great Dominion, my views were considerably modified. In Canada political discussion seems to include not only abuse of your opponent's works, but of himself. That being so, a young man fighting a great political battle would hardly be expected to commence with a crusade against the prevailing tone of political controversy. To do so would have been unwise, and Mr Macmaster, who is one of the most successful of the younger members of the Canadian Bar, and who, although still a young man, has been a prominent politician for several years, was not the sort of person to imperil his success by an appearance of quixotry. He was successful, and that, too, although his opponent was the late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and probably the strongest candidate who could have been run by his party.

GLENGARRY.

In the evening I left Montreal for Lancaster, a town between fifty and sixty miles further west on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. The line runs along the left bank of the St Lawrence. On we sped through a beautiful country in the cool evening air, past Lachine, where the early French navigator, coming to a place where the St Lawrence widened into a small lake, thought he had at last found the true road to China, and gave

the place the name which it bears to this day; past Saint Anne Bout de L'Isle where the mighty Ottawa, after a course of over 600 miles, pours its muddy waters into the St Lawrence; past numerous little villages and towns frequently named by the devout French settlers after some obscure saint, and sometimes after obscurer sinners, until, just as evening was wearing into night, we steamed into Lancaster Station. A telegram I had sent in the early part of the day to Mr Macrae, the proprietor of one of the hotels in the place and the son of an emigrant from Kintail in the bad days of old, had the effect of placing a team at my disposal on the arrival of the train to carry me to my destination, the village of Williamstown, some five miles from Lancaster. Before proceeding up the country, however, I went into the town of Lancaster, first to ascertain whether I was really on the track of the friends I purposed visiting, and in the second place to make the acquaintance of Mr Macrae, of whom I had read in the *Celtic Magazine* of February 1880. Mr Macrae as a host is all he was in 1879, but since that time he has lost his eldest son, him to whom he looked to be the stay of his old age, and the light of the father's life seems to have gone out when his son was taken from him.

My enquiries proving satisfactory, I was, after a short stay in Lancaster, driving at a brisk pace through the dull but bracing night air towards Williamstown, Glengarry.

And this was Glengarry—the *other* Glengarry across the Atlantic. This name was the record left by the banished Highlander of his loyalty to his native country, notwithstanding its indifference to his fate, of his love of his native glen, notwithstanding that his last glimpse of it had been caught through blinding tears wrung from him by the relentless cruelty with which he and his children were hunted out of home and country by those who ought to have been their natural protectors. But who has fared better in the years that have gone bye since the Glengarry and Knoydart evictions—the evictor or the evicted? Go to Glengarry, go to Knoydart, and find how many acres remain in the family of the evictors. Not one. How, on the other hand, has it fared with the evicted? When they were hounded out of the lands which were by right their own, they made themselves new homes in a new country, and, to make their

homes as homelike as possible, they fell upon the strange conceit of calling their new country by the old name, and Glengarry it is to this day. And this Glengarry now belongs to their sons, while in the home glen the name of their oppressors is forgotten.

Glenelg, Morar, and Kintail also contributed their quota of evicted Highlanders to people the Canadian Glengarry, and now the descendants of people who left Scotland, homeless and penniless, within the memory of men yet alive, are landed proprietors, cultivating, in most cases, their own land, and living in circumstances always of comfort, and frequently of affluence.

If the road could have been left out of account, the surroundings were favourable for musing. But in Canadian travelling, the road cannot be left out of account. Fortunately, here it was soft and dry, and when the wheels suddenly sank down into a two-feet deep rut, the sensation was not altogether unlike being tossed in a blanket or thrown into a feather bed. I was curious to know how the road looked after a spell of wet weather, and began to ply my driver with questions, but he was not very communicative. What he said, however, seemed to amount to this, that it is never wet here for any length of time—in summer the roads are dry, and, although soft, easily driven over—in winter everything is frost-bound and hard, and it really does not matter much whether you have a road to drive your buggy or sleigh on or not—a field serves as well; for a short time in spring things are wet and disagreeable, but the period is so short, and the roads are so little used during it, that their state causes little inconvenience. Three weeks afterwards it was my misfortune to drive over that same road, and a mile or two more between the town of Lancaster and the River St Lawrence, and when, looking like an animated sample of Canadian soil, I arrived at my destination, I thought that that young man had deliberately imposed on a simple stranger.

All this while, however, I am driving towards Williamstown, where, about 10 P.M., I was landed at the door of the friends I had come to see. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since they had seen any one from home, and now there was naturally a great deal to ask and tell. When, after hours spent in talking of home, of the still living, and of the loved ones who were dead, I laid my head on my pillow, I felt that I realised for the first time

that an emigrant has often to suffer more than mere physical hardships. Home-sickness is sometimes a sad reality, involving physical consequences which no amount of material comfort away from home can cure. How many, I wonder, of the Highlanders lying in the little church-yard opposite my window that night in Williamstown, a church-yard containing the dust of many of the original settlers of Glengarry, could tell of hearts broken by the severance of home ties, by a life-sentence of banishment? Was their cry heard? Surely it was. We ought not, perhaps, to call the misfortunes of our fellow-men judgments, and yet standing among the graves of the Highland emigrants of Glengarry, and looking back upon the history of their oppressors, one almost instinctively remembers that it was the God whom both oppressed and oppressor worshipped, who said "The cry of the children of Israel is come unto me," and again, "If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I shall surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot."

Early in the morning I was astir, and out seeing Williamstown. It is not much to look at. The houses are mostly of wood, covered with shingles, and the business premises—shops and inns—are the same. It would be putting it too strongly to say there was an air of decay about the place, but there is certainly a want of life. But it is only a village, for a new country a pretty old village, and in many things like a similar place at home. The fact is, I suppose, that the place is too far from either of the lines of railway running through the County of Glengarry, and too near the town of Lancaster to have much chance of becoming anything more than a mere village. Many of the inhabitants are old settlers who took up their abode in Williamstown before their was a railway in the county, and now when they find themselves situated between two lines of railway communication—one the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and the other the Eastern Division of the Canadian Pacific system—both too far away to do them any good, and one of them near enough to do them perhaps a little harm, they are too old to care about making another change, and so they sit down contentedly where they are. But it would be a mistake to suppose, because Williamstown is not a growing place, that its people are not comfortable, and, as a rule, well to do. Everybody seems comfortable, and

although Glengarry does not move fast enough to please the people of Toronto, its people as a whole are well to do. There are of course exceptions. In one or two cases farms were pointed out to me which had, until a year or two ago, been owned by Scotch settlers, who, it was said, being unable to work the land to profit, sold out to French Canadians from the Lower Province, who are now making money where the Scotsmen failed. As a rule the French Canadian is not noted for energy, especially as a farmer, and the fact that a few Scotsmen have been supplanted in Glengarry by a corresponding number of Frenchmen, or rather Canadians of French descent, was several times quoted to me as if the whole of the Scotch Colony in Glengarry were tainted with the vice of the two or three men who are said to have failed where success was possible. It need hardly be said, however, that what has occurred does not by any means prove that the whole of the Scotch Canadians in Glengarry are inferior in energy and business capacity to their neighbours, and yet it was subsequently put to me in this way by men who could not be suspected of a desire to discredit our countrymen, and their own, in Canada. They put it so, however, to justify a practice which I took the liberty of condemning, that of separating Scottish settlers, a subject to which I shall presently refer.

There have been, however, removals from farms in Glengarry during the past few years, brought about by causes which have operated in other parts of the Dominion as well as throughout all the older States of America. The owner of a good farm in Ontario can sell it at from forty to one hundred dollars per acre, while by moving westward to Manitoba or the North West Territory he can purchase a farm of virgin soil of unsurpassed fertility for from one to ten dollars per acre. Indeed, it need never cost him anything like the latter sum unless he is very difficult to please, or desires to acquire a particular section for speculative purposes. He can have the choice of the best wheat producing lands in the world, situated within easy distance of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway for two and a-half dollars per acre, one half of which will be repaid to him for every acre brought under cultivation within four years. As the original price of the land is payable one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, beginning a year after entry, it will be

seen that for a man with limited means and a large family to provide for, the inducement to go westward is strong. Take the case of a farmer in Ontario who owns a farm of 200 acres and has six sons. If he remains in Ontario he cannot do much for the lads. The farm is too small to divide among them, and the father's whole means are tied up in it and the stock upon it. He cannot even provide his sons with capital to make a fair start for themselves either at home or in the West if he is to stick to his Ontario home. In these circumstances his farm, which is worth probably sixty dollars per acre, is put into the market, and fetches twelve thousand dollars (£2400). With this sum, and the proceeds of the stock, the whole family go to the West, and in a few weeks the father and each of his six sons are settled in farms each as large as the one they left, and probably more fertile. The payment of the first instalments of the purchase price takes less than six hundred dollars (£120), so that, leaving out of account the proceeds of the stock of the old farm, the family have still a capital of 11,400 dollars, or about £2280, to work upon. At the end of five years, if they are industrious, their farms are their own, at a total cost for the whole seven of 1750 dollars, a little over £350, or about one-seventh of the price fetched by the one farm in Ontario. This, it need scarcely be said, is a result which could not have been brought about had the family remained at home. But even this is by no means the best that a family such as I have instanced can do for themselves in the West, for, by the manner in which the prairie lands of the North-West are surveyed for settlement, each member of the family might take up a free homestead grant of 160 acres in one section, and purchase an adjoining quarter section of 160 acres of railway lands. In this way each of them would acquire a farm of 320 acres at a cost less by one-fifth than I have given for a 200 acre farm. Moreover, the family would not be separated, for by the admirable arrangements of the Canadian Government in having free homestead land, and land which can be acquired only by purchase, laid out in alternate sections (640 acres), the members of a family who wish to settle near each other can have all their farms adjoining without losing any of the benefits of separate settlement.

There have been cases of unsuccessful farming, I have no

doubt, in Glengarry as elsewhere, and among Scotch settlers as among settlers of other nationalities, but that every case where a Scotch settler sells his farm is to be accounted for by want of success where success was possible, I do not believe. In Toronto, when I questioned the wisdom of the policy pursued in the Government of separating Scotch settlers from each other, while settlers from other countries were afforded facilities for living together, I was told that my countrymen never did well as farmers when they were left to themselves and formed a purely Scotch settlement, and Glengarry was quoted as an instance; while, on the other hand, it was stated that when mixed with settlers of other nationalities the emulative spirit of the Scotsman was roused, and he became the best farmer, the most successful merchant, and the most prominent man in his district. I could not see then, and I cannot yet see, that Glengarry exhibits anything to warrant so sweeping a charge against purely Scottish settlements. The farmers of Morayshire, of Easter Ross, and of East Lothian are mainly, if not entirely Scotsmen, and if there is land in Canada better farmed than the land in these districts of Scotland, I did not see it. What Scotsmen can do here they can do in Canada. It does not require any admixture of a foreign element to make Scotsmen prosperous in Scotland, and it is difficult to understand why such an admixture should be necessary in Canada. I do not say that Glengarry is all it might be, all that I would like it to be, a model for the rest of Ontario, but I do say, after paying it a second visit, and going through a great part of two of the four townships into which the country is divided—Charlottenburgh and Lancaster—that the farming of Glengarry, so far as I was able to judge of it, is at least equal to the average of Canada.

It is time now, however, to be moving westwards. On a dull heavy morning my friend Jack Sullivan, having carefully packed me into his buggy as if he feared I might be broken in transit, drove me into Lancaster in good time for the westward train. Time enough fortunately to see and make the acquaintance of a few more Highlanders—two of them Macdonalds—uncle and nephew, both genuine Celts, who would persist in addressing me in Gaelic, and could not be got to understand how it was that a native of Inverness, and a friend of the Editor of the

Celtic Magazine, did not know his native language. I deplored the shortsightedness of those responsible for my upbringing in neglecting so important a branch of my education; reminded them that in my youth Gaelic was not so fashionable an acquirement, as, thanks very much to my friend Professor Blackie, it has since become; and then, having drowned all discord in a drop of old rye, I left my new-found friends with a qualified promise to take the earliest opportunity of remedying the defect in my education.

K. M'D.

(*To be continued.*)

MEMENTOS OF MY FATHER'S GRAVE.*

Soft, silky leaves of freshest green,
Which grew upon my father's grave;
Mementos hallowed of a man
Whose heart was warm, sincere, and brave.

Of humble sphere, but noble aims,
He calmly stemmed life's stormy sea;
Upright and manly, frank and pure,
A trusty friend, and true was he.

A loving husband, faithful, kind,
A tender father, wise, discreet;
Our weal his chief concern, delight,
His happy home made labour sweet.

His words were few, for well he weighed
Each thought and subject ere he spoke;
In humour rich; and oft essayed
A simple, pleasant, harmless joke.

My father! thy blest memory
I dearly cherish day by day;
And for its sake I'll prize these leaves
Which grew above thy sacred clay.

And when life's course with me is run,
When soon or late I must resign
This earthly frame, oh, may it rest
Beneath a turf as green as thine!

New York.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

* Written on receiving a few beautifully fresh green leaves, which grew on our father's grave, from my brother Alexander, to whom the above verses are most affectionately inscribed.

THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND.

BY M. A. ROSE.

I.

OF the hundreds who yearly visit Edinburgh, and among other sights, go to gaze on the Regalia, how few know the history of these national relics ; the many dangers and vicissitudes they have passed through ; the narrow escape they once had of falling into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, and thus being most probably lost to Scotland for ever. Hence, we think, that a glance at their history may not prove altogether uninteresting.

The ancient Regalia, or, to use the old name, the Honours of Scotland, fell into the hands of the victorious Edward I., who, having gained his purpose by using the weak and facile John Baliol as his tool, as soon as that purpose was accomplished, felt no compunction in despoiling the newly made king, not only of all real power, but even of the insignia of authority. In 1296 Baliol was summoned to appear before Edward at the Castle of Montrose, and there, to use the words of the old writer, Wyntown, was "dyspoyled."

"Of all hys robys of royalte :
The pelure thai tuk off his tabart,
(Twme Tabart he was callyt eftewrward.)
And all othire insyngnys,
That fel to kyngis on ony wys,
Bathe scepter, swerd, crowne, and ryng,
Frae this Jhon that he made kyng,
Halyly fra hym tuk thai thare,
And made hym of the kynryk bare :
Than this Jhon tuk a qwhynt wand,
And gave up in-til Edwardis hand,
Of this kynryk all the rycht,
That he than had, or have mycht,
Fra hym and all his ayris thare,
Tharept to claime it nevyr mare."

What Edward did with the Honours, thus ruthlessly obtained, is not known ; most probably the gold and jewels were sold to help to defray the expenses of his army ; certain it is that they were

never seen in Scotland again. This is borne out by the fact that, when Bruce first succeeded in asserting his right to the Scottish Throne, and was crowned at Scone, the ancient Regalia were not in existence ; or, at least, if they were, they were not within his reach, for a temporary circle or *coronal* of gold was made for the purpose, and even this poor substitute for the ancient crown fell into the hands of the English after the defeat of Bruce at the disastrous battle of Methven.

It is supposed that the present Crown was made by order of Robert Bruce after he had again succeeded in gaining the throne, as it was said to be the one used at the coronation of his son, David II., in 1329. At all events the learned in such matters declare the workmanship of the older portion of the Crown to be as early as the fourteenth century. The precious stones in it are in a rough state ; whereas in all workmanship of a later date the stones are cut into facets. Again, previous to the time of Bruce, all the representations of the Scottish Crown, on coins and seals, show a diadem ornamented with *fleurs de lis* only ; but after his time, the *fleurs de lis* are interchanged with crosses, as appears on the present crown. Next in point of antiquity comes the Sword of State, which is a beautiful specimen of early art, not only interesting to the antiquary, but also to the lover of art as an example of the great perfection attained by the artificers of the sixteenth century. This sword was presented to King James IV. by Pope Julius II. in the year 1507. The handle is richly chased, and the sheath covered with filigree work, executed with great delicacy and skill. Representations of the Papal Tiara and the keys of St Peter are intermingled with the foliage of oak leaves and acorns, the personal device of Pope Julius. His Holiness also presented to the king at the same time a consecrated hat, both of which presents were delivered with great ceremony and solemnity in the Church of Holyrood by the Papal Legate and the Abbot of Dunfermline.

The Sceptre is of a somewhat later date. When James V. was preparing for his alliance with one of the princesses of France he would naturally wish that his Regalia should be as splendid as possible, and it is said that he took advantage of his visit to Paris, in 1536, to employ some of the noted artists of that city to make a Sceptre for him, as well as to very materially alter and improve

the Crown, by adding two concentric circles, surmounted at the point of intersection by a mound of gold, enamelled, and a large cross patee, upon which is engraved J.R.V. It is evident that these circles or arches did not form part of the original crown; for the workmanship is of a different and inferior description, the metal is not of the same quality, the gold being less pure than that used in the diadem, to which the added arches are attached by gold tacks. In the Advocates' Library there is a MS. diary of Lord Fountainhall, in which there is a memorandum to the effect that "the Crown of Scotland is not the ancient one, but was casten of new by James V." We expect this statement must be taken in the limited sense of King James having added to and altered the original crown, and not that he made an entirely new one.

The Sceptre bears the same initials as the Crown, viz., J.R.V., and is surmounted by a large mass of rock crystal with peculiar setting, which, from the rudeness of its style, appears out of character with the rest of the workmanship, and seems to point to a much earlier period of art. It has been suggested that this stone, "which in the wardrobe inventories is dignified with the name of a 'great beryll,' was an amulet which had made part of the more ancient Sceptre of the Scottish kings.

The Honours were always used at the coronation of the Monarch, and when Parliament assembled they used to be borne in solemn procession to the Hall of Assembly, and worn by the Sovereign. In his absence they were laid on the table in front of the throne as emblems of the royal authority, and the king's consent to Acts of Parliament was signified by touching them with the Sceptre.

The different articles of the Regalia were entrusted to the care of the Earl Marshall of Scotland, which high office was hereditary in the family of Keith; but during the time when Parliament was not sitting the Regalia were kept with the rest of the royal treasure in the Jewel House, under the care of the Treasurer. This arrangement was made in consequence of the Earl Marshall's estates and castles being so far north, and at such a distance from the seat of Government.

In an inventory of the royal treasure, taken in 1539, the Regalia are thus described :—

"JOWELLIS.

"Item, ane crowne of gold, sett with perle and precious stanis.

"Item, in primis diamentis, twenty.

"Item, of fyne orient perle thre scoir and aucht, wantand ane floure delice of gold.

"Item, ane septour, with ane grete bereal and ane perle in the heid of it.

"Item, twa swerdis of honour, with twa beltis, the auld belt wantand foure stuthis.

"Item, the hatt that come fra the Paip, of grey velvett, with the Haly Gaist set all with orient perle."

In another inventory, taken in 1542, they are thus described—

"Item, in the first his grace's croun, full of precius stanes and orient perle, with ane septur set with ane greit barrell.

"Item, twa swerdis of honour, with twa beltis wantand four stuthis.

"Item, ane rob royall of purpoure velvatt lynitt with armin, and ane kirtill of the samyne velvatt, lynitt in the foir breistis with armyn and heid siclyk.

"Item, the Queen's Grace's croun, set haill with the perle and precious stanis, with ane sceptour with ane quhyte hand."

Again, in 1621, a more accurate description is given in the inventory, in which all the blemishes are mentioned; for instance, it says that ten of the small *challoms*, or spaces, were filled with blue enamel instead of stones; two *challoms* quite empty, and two other filled in with white stones, also, that the top of the Sceptre was broken, and that the handle and scabbard of the Sword of State had been damaged, all of which injuries, we believe, to be still observable.

One of the swords mentioned in the inventories, as well as "the queen's graces croun, the hatt that come frae the Paip, and the rob royall of purpoure velvatt," have long since disappeared, leaving only the three articles, the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State.

When James VI. succeeded to the Crown of England he took south with him most of the royal treasure; but the Honours were considered to belong exclusively to the Scottish Nation, and

were left as before in charge of the Treasurer when Parliament was not sitting.

It is stated that when Charles I. was crowned he wished to have the Honours of Scotland sent to London for that purpose; but the Scottish Privy Council would not allow them to be taken out of the kingdom. So highly did Charles value the ancient Regalia of his ancestors, coupled it may be with a desire to please the national pride of his Northern subjects, that, after his coronation in London, he made a journey to Edinburgh, and was there again crowned with the Honours of Scotland.

This incident closes what we might term the first and most glorious part of the history of the Regalia. Within a very few years of the time when they figured at the coronation of Charles I., amid the applause of a whole nation, the political sky became darkened with the worst of all tempests—a civil war.

On the 6th of June 1651, the Scottish Parliament sat amid the confusion and turmoil caused by the advance of Cromwell and his victorious Ironsides. Edinburgh was no longer a safe place for the Honours, and one of the last acts of the Parliament was to order the Earl Marshall to remove the Regalia for better safety to his "strong Castle of Dunottor, within the shyre of Mearns, as a place of greatest security and distance from the Enemy." Soon after this was done, the Earl Marshall was himself called to the field in the service of his king. In this dilemma he chose Captain George Ogilvie of Barras, a prudent, brave, and loyal soldier, who had served with distinction in the German Wars, as his lieutenant, and granted a commission to him, dated 8th July 1651, in which he gives him the entire charge of Dunnottar Castle, the Regalia, and many valuable documents, which had been placed in his hands for safety.

Sir John Keith (the Earl Marshall) went to England, engaged in the battle of Worcester, was afterwards captured, and sent a prisoner to London, where he was confined in the Tower. In the meantime Captain Ogilvie began to fear for the safety of his valuable charge, as he had neither men, ammunition, nor provisions sufficient to stand a long siege, with which he was now threatened. In this strait he applied for instructions and advice to John Campbell, Earl of Loudon, the Chancellor. His lordship replied that as neither the Parliament nor the Committee

of Estates had met, he could give no positive advice nor order on his own responsibility; and he goes on to say, "if you want provisions, soldiers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out against all the assaults of the enemy, which is feared you cannot do, if hard put to it, I know of no better expedient than that the Honours be speedily and safely transported to some remote and strong castle in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarres, as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor do I know any better way for the preservation of these things and your exoneration. And it will be an irreparable loss and shame if these things shall be taken by the enemy, and very dishonourable for yourself."

Thus Captain Ogilvie was placed in a very unenviable position, with the great responsibility on his shoulders of the safe keeping of the Honours of the nation, without adequate means to defend them from assault. True, he might have relieved himself by delivering them to the Earl of Balcarres, as desired by the Committee of Estates, but he did not consider their order a sufficient warrant; for he says in a letter to Balcarres, "haveing reseaved the charge of that hous (the Castle of Dunotter) and what was intrustett therein, from the Earll Marshall, and then by a particular warrand under his Majestie's own hand," . . . "I conceive that ther is no place in this kingdom quhair they cane be more secure nor quhair they ar, and with less charges, if the Comitie of Estaits be pleased to tak order tymeouslie for furnishing of me with such things as is necessar for defence of this hous."

Ogilvie soon found, however, that Dunnottar was not a sufficiently secure place, for it was closely besieged by the Parliamentary army, and was summoned to surrender three several times, first by General Overton, on the 8th November 1651, again, on the 22nd of the same month, by General Dutton, and lastly, by General Lambert, on the 3rd January 1652, who offered him most honourable terms, which Ogilvie refused in the following spirited letter:—"Honored Sir,—I have receaved yours for surrendering the Castle of Dunnottar, the lyk whereoff I have receaved from sundrie of your officers befor, and have given answers therto: that being intrusted be his Majestie I wold not surrender the same upon any hazard whatsoever, but intends, by the help of the Lord, to maintaine the same till I shall have orders from

his Majestie in the contrair. I shall be as loath as any to occasion the effusione of blood, whereoff too much hath bene alreadye, but shall be far more loath to betray the trust imposed upon me. I cannot but thank you for your offers, and remaine, Sir, your servant,

GEORGE OGILVY."

January 7, 1652.

And this brave soldier did actually hold his own against the might of Cromwell, until the month of May, the same year, when he received a letter from the Earl Marshall saying that he had resolved to put himself, his fortune, and prosperity, freely into the hands of the Lord General, and make the best terms he could for his future liberty, and, consequently, ordered Ogilvie to surrender his Castle of Dunnottar to Major-General Deane, on the most favourable conditions he could make.

One can well imagine that Ogilvie was not sorry to be thus relieved of his arduous and dangerous post; he immediately set about making arrangements for vacating Dunnottar Castle, and corresponded with General Deane as to the terms for "the randitione of the Castle." He succeeded in getting very handsome terms, as such a gallant soldier deserved; and, on the 24th of May 1652, he and his small garrison marched out with drums beating and colours flying.

One of the conditions of the surrender of Dunnottar was that the Honours of Scotland should be given up to the English General; but Captain Ogilvie, though quite willing to give up the castle at the command of its owner, was too good a patriot to tamely submit to be the instrument of disgracing his nation by allowing its Regalia to fall into the hands of the enemy. He had accordingly taken precautions for the safety of these national relics, the particulars of which must be left for another paper.

THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—We are glad to intimate a series of papers on the Ethics of Political Economy, by Mr Malcolm Mackenzie, Guernsey. The first will appear in our next issue. Among other errors and confusion of thought prevalent on this subject, Mr Mackenzie will point out what he considers unsound in the recently published works of Mr Alfred Russell Wallace, and Mr Henry George, on the Nationalisation of the Land. The *Celtic Magazine* being entirely non-political, from a party point of view, we shall be glad to hear all sides, from whatever social standpoint, on this important subject.

AN ANCIENT BRITISH HILL-FORT.

NEAR the south angle of Renfrewshire, in the parish of Mearns, a rugged and abrupt looking hill called Dun-Carnock—Dun-Carnach in Gaelic, or Din-Cyrniog in British—stands towering about 400 feet above the subjacent fields. This hill is a remarkable feature in the landscape, and wears a hoary antiquated aspect. Like its venerable relation, Dumbarton Rock, it has two summits, the eastern top being the higher and more narrow one, while the western end of the hill is flatter and broader, with a perennial fountain of water in its centre. The huge rocks and boulders that stand out from the green fallow turf are overgrown with moss and grey lichens, the accumulation of ages. The ascent to this lower summit is almost perpendicular, and round the more accessible portion of its brow are still to be seen the formidable remains of an ancient wall, curving round what appears to have been once a strongly fortified area. This wall, as well as the other relics of art about the hill, points back to a very remote period, probably to a time anterior to the Norman invasion. It may be as old as the time of the Roman occupation, and may have been built by our Caledonian forefathers to defend themselves against the hosts of Cæsar, and occupied as a convenient place of rendezvous from which to rush with better effect upon the daring invaders and drive them out of the country. We may imagine this to have been a citadel of warriors for many centuries, perhaps at one time a garrison and sallying point of Fingal, the son of Morni, and his host of heroes, when they defended Albion of the sounding streams and hoary rocks against the well-armed forces of the King of the World.

Whatever may have been its particular history, Dun-Carnock must have been a notorious place of strength and importance to the early Caledonians that sleep beneath the green sod of this ancient fort, and under the many cairns and tumuli of the far spreading strath. And as little or no mention of this place is made in the history of our country, we may safely presume that it, in common with Din-Glas and Dun-Briton, was late in yield-

ing, if ever it did, to the persistent and aggressive Saxons, who sought to make themselves the dominant people over the whole island.

As a garrison and place of defence, it is well situated, so as to command a view of all the ample Vale of Clyde, from the roof-shaped hill of Tintock that stands on the South-eastern horizon, and from the sloping ranges of Campsie Fells and Kilpatrick Braes, to the Rock of Dumbarton and the Highland mountains, that blend with the clouds of the North. Between those extreme points there are many interesting and remarkable features, and many of their names are evidently of early British origin, such as Cathkin, Carnmunnock, Dychmont, Camslang, Glasford, Strath-aven, Carnwath, Campsie, Glasgow, etc.; and as these British names occur more frequently in this than in any other district of Southern Scotland, we may presume that ancient British was spoken in this region long after it had blended into the Gaelic, or given place to the Saxon in other parts of South Britain. Yet so closely has the early British nomenclature clung to the rocks and streams, hollows and hills of *Strath Clwyd*, that we may look upon them as undying echoes from the past of the rude and hardy race that dwelt in the woods of Caledonia, when first mentioned in history by Tacitus; and so characteristic of Wales, are the names of places, that a Welshman on a tour through the country might easily fancy himself on a visit to some part of his own Principality.

N. M'NEIL BRODIE.

Halifax, N.S.

ALI-NA-PAIRC.—Having read the anecdote regarding this local character, which appeared in a recent number, "Mac Iain" sends us one which is almost equally good. It is as follows:—Ali went one day into the kitchen at Holme Rose, where he had often been before and since, and having received a large bone to pick, he walked outside with it; for he was too much of a gentleman to sit in any kitchen to dinner. He went to the side of a hedge close by, and began to pick his bone, when, shortly afterwards, Mr Rose happened to pass by, and, on seeing Ali, said, "Hollo, Ali, are you here?" "Aye, aye," answered Ali, "you will speak to me, Mr Rose, when you see that I have something."

MR WILLIAM JOLLY, HER MAJESTY'S INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

SUSPICIOUSNESS of strangers, especially if they speak only the language of the Saxon, was, at times, we fear, characteristic of the Highland race. It was this trait of our character which Sir Walter Scott put, perhaps in its most forbidding aspect, in the mouth of the heroic Amazon, who guarded the Pass at Aberfoyle, when she demanded of the sycophantic Glasgow Bailie—"What fellow are you that dare to claim kindred with the Macregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak his language? What are you that have the tongue and the habit of the hound, and yet seek to lie down with the deer?" On the other hand, it was, and is no less true of us, as a people, that we very warmly recognise, and no less cordially reciprocate, kindness and appreciative sympathy, when these are extended toward us by those at whose hands we might have expected different treatment. We yield to none in the sincerity with which the deepest feelings of our nature express, when circumstances require it, the sentiment that moved the Jews of old to plead for blessings on the household of a friendly and generous alien—"He loveth our nation." We are not sure that we have always done full justice to our Southern friends in our doubts, for, after all, we must confess that, while not a few of the great and the powerful of our own race have proved recreant to the trust imposed upon them—of providing for the comfort and happiness of the Highland people—we have had among us many large-hearted strangers capable of appreciating what is good in the race, and willing to devote themselves to the task of educating our people in the exercise and development of the latest powers and possibilities of their nature. Pre-eminent among these stands out the name of Professor Blackie, and, perhaps, second to his, in a quieter though less conspicuous way, is that of Mr William Jolly, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, whose departure from Inverness suggest these reflections.

About fourteen years ago Mr Jolly came among us a complete stranger, familiar with neither our people, our language, nor

our country. He had not been long in our midst, however, when he showed that his position here was not to be the cold and perfunctory one of a mere official. With that ardent and enthusiastic temperament which is so conspicuous a feature of his character, he assiduously and sympathetically devoted himself to the study of our social condition and capabilities as a people, and the best methods for rendering effective whatever would tend to the elevation and social advancement of the Highlanders. Education with Mr Jolly meant no mere cramming of the mind with the dry details of the three R's. It has always been his desire rather by creating an internal interest in and thirst for knowledge to promote to its highest purpose the faculty of self-education; and, while he did not discourage the most minute and careful attention to the ordinary scholastic methods of instruction, he was ever ready to avail himself of the rich and ready accessories which surrounding nature afforded. He found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Those against the use of the Gaelic language, for the purpose of conveying instruction in Highland schools, found in Mr Jolly a most uncompromising opponent, and on more than one occasion, during his sojourn in the North, he gave unmistakeable utterance to his sentiments on that question. Specially was this the case at the annual supper of the Gaelic Society of Inverness in January 1880, when he expressed his strong dissent from views antagonistic to the use of the Gaelic language, urged by several of his brother inspectors in the Highlands. Further, in his official report to the Education Department, in 1878, he made special reference to the subject, stating fully his opinion that, while English ought to receive the first attention as the "language of trade, commerce, current literature, and general intercourse necessary for success in life, and desired by Highlanders themselves," Gaelic should be used in the oral teaching of English, this being the method which reason and wisdom would suggest, and that it should also be afterwards taught on account of the importance of Gaelic literature as an instrument of education and culture to the Gaelic people."

It was not, however, merely in connection with what concerned their specific education that Mr Jolly's large-hearted and

kindly solicitude went forth toward the Highland people. Any movement that tended to their moral and social good found in him a staunch and active friend. This interest in our country and people was warmly expressed when, last month, he was presented with a silver tea service and a purse of sovereigns, as a token of the respect and esteem in which he was held by all who came into contact with him, while he went out and in among us. The presentation was made by Sheriff Blair in choice, appropriate, and complimentary language, which found an approving response in the heart of every one present.

Referring to his appointment fourteen years ago, Mr Jolly said that he came full of the idea which possessed the minds of so many Saxons, that he was coming to a "barren country and wild rocks of culture," but he had to confess heartily and honestly that his experience had led him to adopt entirely different views; and well do his life and work in the North testify to the fact. He then proceeded:—

"No one knows Scotland that does not know the Celtic portion of it, with all its special problems and special circumstances; and I am glad to have had opportunities of being on the spot, and of studying these northern portions of our country, and forming my own conclusions respecting the different problems it presents, and the progress effected. The people, the Celtic people, are themselves a most remarkable and most interesting part of the community. Although they are wanting in certain elements of, perhaps, the moral stamina and sturdy independence of the Saxon, they have other elements in their character which are wanting in the Saxon, and which put them on the highest pinnacle of culture. They are, in spite of recent exhibitions, a law-loving and a law-abiding people, honest, silent, and careful in their work, devoted to the domestic circle, willing to live independent lives, satisfied with little, and, indeed, happy with that little. And they have certain elements of emotional and other parts of culture which go to make the true gentleman and the true lady. These elements, when combined with Saxon sturdiness and Saxon independence, have largely contributed to make our population what it is, and have given our culture and our poetry those distinguishing characteristics for which it is justly admired. I have had, as Inspector of Schools, opportunities of moving amongst the

people and of observing them, and the opinion which I have now expressed is a deliberate conviction upon my part. What I have seen will enable me, in going South, to correct certain prevalent impressions that are erroneous regarding the people of the Highlands—impressions formed on special presentations of character which one now and again comes across, but which do not in any degree give an accurate idea of the people Highlanders are. I am proud of having an opportunity of correcting these impressions, and of bearing testimony to the worth of the Highland people. Questions regarding their social position have now acquired an importance which they never had before, and I have no doubt the issue will be a much greater and a better contentment when there is an adjustment of certain questions that have now arisen between landlord and tenant. I think the country is rising to the importance of improving the condition of the Highlanders in a way it has never done before; and I think we shall only be wise, as a people, when we understand that we ought to have a contented peasantry in our Highland glens, instead of making these glens other men's playgrounds, such as some of them are at present."

Our statement would be incomplete did we not make some reference to Mr Jolly's important labours in the walks of science and literature. In the work of the local Scientific Society and Field Club he always manifested the most lively interest, acting frequently as leader in some department, on occasion of their summer excursions, and giving the benefit of his varied knowledge and experience.

Mr Jolly's contributions to literature, though not numerous, are of considerable importance. His largest work, that on Education, based on the labours of Combe, is a valuable addition to the already extensive literature of the subject. From his pen have also come a most interesting little work on "Burns at Mossiel;" a life of John Duncan, the Alford botanical weaver, now in the press; and various articles on the serial literature of the country, among them being several papers chiefly on Highland education, social life and literature, with which the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* have on repeated occasions been enriched.

DEPOPULATION OF THE COUNTY OF ARGYLL.

SOME very extraordinary public utterances were recently made by two gentlemen closely connected with the County of Argyll, questioning or attempting to explain away statements made in the House of Commons by Mr D. H. Macfarlane, M.P., to the effect that the rural population was, from various causes, fast disappearing from the Highlands. These utterances were, one, by a no less distinguished person than the Duke of Argyll, who published his remarkable propositions in the *Times*; the other by Mr John Ramsay, M.P., the Islay distiller, who imposed his baseless assertions on his brother members in the House of Commons. These oracles should have known better. They must clearly have taken no trouble whatever to ascertain the facts for themselves, or, having ascertained them, kept them back that the public might be misled on a question with which, it is obvious to all, the personal interests of both are largely mixed up.

Let us see how the assertions of these authorities agree with the actual facts. In 1831 the population of the County of Argyll was 100,973; in 1841 it was 97,371; in 1851 it was reduced to 88,567; and in 1881 it was down to 76,468. Of the latter number the Registrar-General classifies 30,387 as urban, or the population of "towns and villages," leaving us only 46,081 as the total rural population of the county of Argyll at the date of the last census, in 1881.

It will be necessary to keep in mind that in 1831 the county could not be said to have had many "town and village" inhabitants — not more than from 12,000 to 15,000 at most. These resided chiefly in Campbelton, Inveraray, and Oban; and if we deduct from the total population for that year, numbering 100,973, even the larger estimate, 15,000, of an urban or town population, we have still left, in 1831, an actual rural population of 85,973, or within a fraction of double the whole rural population of the county in 1881. In other words, the rural population of Argyllshire is reduced in fifty years from 85,973 to 46,081, or nearly one-half!

The increase of the urban or town population is going on at a fairly rapid rate—Campbelton, Dunoon, Oban, Ballachulish,

Blairmore and Strone, Innellan, Lochgilphead, Tarbet, and Tighnabruaich, combined, having added no less than some 5500 to the population of the county in the ten years from 1871 to 1881. These populous places will be found respectively in the parishes of Campbelton, Lismore and Appin, Dunoon and Kilmun, Glassary, Kilcalmonell and Kilberry, and in Kilfinan; and this will at once account for the comparatively good figure which these parishes make in the subjoined tabulated statement. The table given below will show exactly in which parishes and at what rate depopulation progressed during the last fifty years. In many instances the population was larger before 1831 than at that date, but the years given will generally give us the best idea of how the matter stood throughout that whole period. The state of the population given in 1831 was before the famine which occurred in 1836; while 1841 comes in between that of 1836 and 1846-47, during which period large numbers were sent away, or left for the Colonies. There was no famine between 1851 and 1881, a time during which the population was reduced from 88,567 to 76,468, notwithstanding the great increase which took place simultaneously in the "town and village" section of the people in the county, as well as throughout the country generally.

Though the subjoined table is not quite so complete as we shall yet make it, still it will be found of considerable interest and value, in the face of such absurd and groundless statements as those to which we have referred, coming from such high authorities! The table, when completed, will afterwards form one of a series, applicable to the whole northern counties, in course of preparation, and similarly arranged, and which is to appear in the Editor's *History of the Highland Clearances*, to be issued this month by the publishers of the *Celtic Magazine*. We venture to think that they will not only prove interesting, but really useful, at a time like this, in helping to remove the dust thrown for so many years past in the eyes of the public on this question of Highland depopulation by individuals personally interested in concealing the actual facts from those who have it in their power to put an effective check on the few unpatriotic proprietors in the North who are mainly responsible for clearing the country, by one means or another, for their own selfish ends.

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Statement showing Population in 1831, 1841, 1851, and 1881, of all the Parishes in whole or in part in the County of Argyll:—

	1831	1841	1851	1881
Ardchattan and Muckairn -	2420	2264	2313	2005
Ardnamurchan - - -	...	5581	5446	4105
Campbelton - - -	9472	9539	9381	9755
Craignish - - -	892	970	873	451
Dunoon and Kilmun -	...	2853	4518	8002
Gigha and Cara - -	534	550	547	382
Glassary - - -	4054	5369	4711	4348
Glenorchy and Inishail -	1806	831	1450	1705
Inveraray - - -	2233	2277	2229	946
Inverchaolain - - -	596	699	474	407
Jura and Colonsay -	2205	2291	1901	1343
Kilbrandon and Kilchattan	2833	2602	2375	1767
Kilcalmonell and Kilberry -	...	2460	2859	2304
Kilchoman - - -	4822	4505	4142	2547
Kilchrenan and Dalavich -	1096	894	776	504
Kildalton - - -	3065	3315	3310	2271
Kilfinan - - -	2004	1816	1695	2153
Kilfinichen and Kilviceuen	3819	4102	3054	1982
Killarow and Kilmeny -	7105	7341	4882	2756
Killean and Kilchenzie -	2866	2401	2219	1368
Kilmalie - - -	4210	5397	5235	4157
Kilmartin - - -	1475	1213	1144	811
Kilmodan - - -	648	578	500	323
Kilmore and Kilbride -	2836	4327	3131	5142
Kilninian and Kilmore -	...	4322	3954	2540
Kilninver and Kilmelford -	1072	970	714	405
Knapdale, North - -	2583	2170	1666	927
Knapdale, South - -	2137	1537	2178	2536
Lismore and Appin -	4365	4193	4097	3433
Lochgoilhead and Kilmorich	1196	1100	834	870
Morvern - - -	2036	1781	1547	828
Saddell and Skipness -	2152	1798	1504	1163
Small Isles - - -	1015	993	916	550
Southend - - -	2120	1598	1406	955
Strachur and Stralachan -	1083	1086	915	932
Tiree and Coll - -	5769	6096	4818	3376
Torosay - - -	...	1616	1361	1102

A. M.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON, V.C.,
K.C.B., K.S.I.

IN Sir Herbert Macpherson we are glad to recognise a true born Highlander, and we feel sure that a few pages of the *Celtic Magazine* cannot be occupied more fittingly, or in a way more gratifying to our readers, than by some short account of his family connections and career.

Sir Herbert's grandfather was James Macpherson, for many years factor on the Cawdor estates, and tenant of the farm of Ardersier—a gentleman who, in the early years of the century, was widely known and highly respected in this district of country. Mr Macpherson had eight sons, all of whom lived to manhood, and served their country in the army or the navy, and in those stirring times saw much service. When the 78th Highlanders was raised and embodied at Fort-George, two of these sons raised parties of men for it, and entered it, one afterwards killed in Java, as captain, and the other, then a mere lad, as ensign. The latter, Duncan Macpherson, was the father of Sir Herbert. He served in the 78th until he rose to the command of the regiment, which he held for some years, and then, on the death of his mother, retired from the army, and settled at Ardersier, where he and his family lived for a considerable time. Colonel Macpherson married Miss Campbell, daughter of Mr Campbell of Fornightly and of his wife, a daughter of Mr Mackintosh of Kyllachy, and sister of the famous Sir James Mackintosh. Of this marriage there was a numerous family of sons and daughters. The eldest was the late Sir James Macpherson, K.C.B.; the youngest the subject of the present notice.

Sir Herbert was born at Ardersier, and passed a great part of his early life there and in the neighbourhood. He received part of his education at the Nairn Academy, residing, while attending that school, with an aunt, who was widow of Dr Smith, the assistant-surgeon of the "Victory" at the Battle of Trafalgar, and one of the attendants on Lord Nelson at his death. Family

history, early association, and personal predilection, all combined to point to the army as the proper career for Herbert Macpherson, but devoid of money and of influence, and with nothing to point to in support of his application for a Commission but the services of his father and his uncles, it seemed for a long time very unlikely that the application would be successful. In 1844, having almost despaired of obtaining a Commission, he went into an office in London, but at that time the 78th, which was stationed in Scinde, was attacked by an epidemic of cholera so violent that there were fears that the regiment would be annihilated. On the intelligence reaching this country young Macpherson waited himself on Lord Fitzroy Somerset, then Adjutant-General, and specially asked for a Commission in the 78th. Lord Fitzroy was so pleased with the pluck of the young man in asking for a Commission in what then seemed to be a doomed regiment that he promised the granting of his request. He was gazetted an Ensign on the 26th of February 1845, and soon after joined the regiment. He obtained his Lieutenancy in January 1848; soon after became Adjutant of his regiment, and soon obtained the reputation of being one of the smartest Adjutants in India. He had also the reputation of being one of the best riders and keenest sportsmen. In 1855 he was stationed with his regiment at Aden, and going on a hunting expedition into the interior with two friends the party were attacked at night by assassins in the hut in which they were sleeping. Macpherson was awakened by the groans of one of his companions, who was mortally wounded, and springing up he rushed at a man whom he could only see dimly in the imperfect light. On trying to grapple with his antagonist, he found that he was naked, and that his body was smeared with oil, so that it was impossible to hold him, and after a fearful struggle the ruffian made his escape, leaving Macpherson senseless, and with eight fearful wounds on his body. Thanks to a good constitution, however, he soon recovered.

The first military service in which Sir Herbert was employed was with his regiment in the Persian War of 1856-7, under Sir James Outram, the regiment being in the brigade commanded by Sir Henry Havelock. He was engaged in all the fighting in this campaign, and for it he has a medal and clasp. By the time the regiment returned to India the Mutiny had broken out, and on

arrival at Calcutta the regiment was at once sent on under Sir Henry Havelock on his glorious march, or rather progress of battles, to the relief of Lucknow. In Havelock's final fight, when he entered the Residency, Macpherson won the proudest and most coveted distinction of a soldier, the Victoria Cross. When with his regiment he was making his way through the city, fire was opened on them from some guns in a cross street ; for an instant the regiment hesitated, but the gallant Adjutant, collecting one or two men, charged the guns, cut down the gunners, and silenced them, and for this deed of daring he bears the Victoria Cross. He was one of the first to reach the defences of the Residency, and might have been the first man to enter it, but as his regiment was then under a hot fire he preferred to remain with, and encourage, his men. As it was he crossed the ditch alongside of the gallant General Niel, who there fell by his side. After the first relief of the Residency the 78th was quartered at the Alumbaugh, and in the final relief Macpherson acted as Brigade-Major in the force under the command of Sir Colin Campbell. In 1857 he became a Captain, in 1858 a Brevet-Major, and when his regiment was ordered home he accepted the option which was then offered him of exchanging into the Bengal Staff Corps, and was appointed by Lord Clyde to the command of a Ghoorka regiment. In command of this regiment he saw much service in Hugara, in the Looshai expedition, in Iowaki, and in some of the cold weather manœuvres he earned the reputation of an able tactician and strategist. When Lord Beaconsfield formed his famous resolution to astonish the world by calling an army from the East to correct the balance of power in the West, Macpherson was one of the distinguished batch of Victoria Cross men who were chosen for Divisional and Brigade commands, and who, much to their disappointment, found that they had been brought not to fight but to take part in a theatrical spectacle. He returned to the command of his regiment, but was soon called into the field in command of a brigade under Sir Samuel Brown in the first advance into Afghanistan. The first duty assigned to him and his brigade was a march by mountain tracks, so as to get in rear of Ali Musjid, and cut off the retreat of the garrison if they should attempt to escape when the fort was attacked by Sir S. Brown. Macpherson remonstrated against the orders,

pointing out that the time allowed him to accomplish the march was insufficient, but without effect, and like a good soldier he set himself to do his best. The difficulties of the march were incredible, great part of it being accomplished by night over tracks where men could only march in single file, and the light mountain guns had to be taken to pieces and lowered over precipices by ropes. He accomplished his task, however, within the time allotted to him, but only to find that a demonstration having been made against the fort a day sooner than had been arranged, it was evacuated fully twelve hours before he was informed the attack would take place, and he arrived in the Valley of the Kyber only in time to catch sight of the rear guard of the retreating garrison as his weary brigade were threading their way down the hills. It is said that in sheer vexation he rode after the enemy himself, and fired his pistols at them as a challenge. In the whole operations of this campaign he bore a prominent part, and for his services was created a C.B., and when, after the murder of Cavignari, a force was again sent to Cabul under General Roberts, he was again chosen to command a Brigade. When the rising of the Afghans took place, which ultimately forced General Roberts to take shelter in the Cantonments of Sherpore, Macpherson with his brigade, consisting of Ghoorkas and the 92nd Highlanders, supported by a body of cavalry, was sent out some miles to intercept and defeat in detail two bodies of Afghans who were advancing in different directions with the purpose of forming a junction. He advanced to the junction of the roads by which the enemy were supposed to be advancing, leaving, according to orders, the cavalry some miles in his rear. He encountered and completely defeated one body of the enemy, when hearing firing some miles from him, where he had no reason to believe that any of our troops were, with the instinct of a soldier he guessed that something was wrong, and marched rapidly in the direction of the sound, firing salvos with his artillery to show that he was coming. He arrived at the scene of action only to find that his cavalry, which, without his knowledge, had been withdrawn by the orders of General Roberts, had attacked and been defeated by a body of the enemy, and had retreated, and he could just see the enemy in full march on Cabul. He at once pursued, and managed to throw himself between the enemy

and the city and cantonments, and thereby in all probability saved the army from disaster. He remained for several days outside the cantonments constantly engaged with the enemy, and his brigade was the last to be withdrawn into the cantonments. When at last he received the order to bring in his brigade, he found that he had to accomplish a march of several miles over open ground with his flank exposed to an enemy in overwhelming numbers and flushed with success, but this difficult operation he accomplished with brilliant success, bringing in all his baggage and wounded men under incessant attack, some of his men being killed within a few yards of the entrenchment.

In all the subsequent operations he bore a prominent part. He was with General Roberts in the famous march to Candahar, and in the final battle he and his Ghoorkas and Highlanders bore the principal part. Succeeding in his first attack, and taking advantage of the emulous enthusiasm of the two races of Highlanders, he pushed on without waiting for supports, and was able to signal the capture of the enemy's camp to General Roberts long before that General expected that it would take place. For his services in this campaign he was created a K.C.B., and on his visiting Inverness two years ago, the Capital of the Highlands and of his native county, recognised his merit, and manifested the satisfaction of the community in his success as a Highland soldier by conferring on him the Freedom of the Burgh.

On his return to India he was appointed to the Divisional command at Allahabad, and when it was resolved to send a contingent from India to co-operate with the army in Egypt, he was, with the loudly expressed approval of the Indian Army, chosen for the command. What occurred in Egypt is so recent that it is unnecessary to dwell on it in detail. The Indian Contingent was composed of native infantry and cavalry regiments, of the 72nd Regiment—the First Battalion of Seaforth Highlanders—and, no doubt, to the great satisfaction of General Macpherson, of two companies of the Second Battalion—the old 78th—to which his own son, a boy who only entered the army a few months before, was attached. Considering the delay which was caused by the deficiency of transport for the troops which went from this country, it is well worthy of record that the Indian troops left India so perfectly equipped that they could have landed anywhere, and

marched anywhere, without any transport but what they brought with them, and that the first railway engine available on the line from Ismailia to Tel-el-Kebir was one which the Indian Contingent had brought from Bombay. Three days after the last of the Indian troops reached Ismailia, Sir Herbert's brigade marched for Kassassin, which it reached on the following day. After a rest, it crossed the Canal, and on the following morning it took its part in the famous Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It is to be noticed that the part assigned to the contingent was the attack of the Egyptians on the south side of the Canal, that they were ordered not to advance till some time after the troops on the north side, and that in consequence they were discovered by the enemy when they were still 1500 yards from them. Over this distance, led by the Highlanders, they advanced under fire of artillery strongly posted, and, at last, receiving the order from the General to "Rush" the guns, they charged with the bayonet into the battery, and bayoneted the gunners who did not take flight. Advancing along the south side of the Canal, driving the enemy before him, Sir Herbert met General Wolseley at the bridge beyond the enemy's camp. Sir Garnet enquired whether his brigade was able to march to Zagazig, as none of the other troops were. He was at once answered in the affirmative, and without rest or refreshment, save the biscuits which they carried in their haversacks, they started on their march of thirty miles through the desert in the blazing heat of an Egyptian sun. About three o'clock Sir Herbert and his staff, accompanied by only 30 Indian troopers, rode into Zagazig and, riding at once to the Railway Station, succeeded in capturing five trains filled with armed men, who were about to start for Cairo, the soldiers either throwing down their arms and running away, or surrendering. The infantry arrived an hour or two later, not a man having fallen out. Immediately on his arrival at Zagazig, Sir Herbert telegraphed to the Governor of Cairo that he was there with his whole Brigade, and would be in Cairo next day; and it is believed that the intelligence of his extraordinary march did more to paralyse the enemy, and render complete the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, than any other event in the campaign. On the following morning a party of Highlanders were in a train ready and eager to start for Cairo, which they would have been the first to reach, when orders were telegraphed

from Sir Garnet that they were not to proceed, the reason being, it is understood, that it was thought necessary the Guards should do something, and the Highlanders, who had got the start of them, were kept back, that they might be the first troops to enter Cairo. For his services in Egypt, Sir Herbert has been created a Knight of the Star of India.

Such is a short sketch of the services of the gallant soldier, who, as we go to press, is again among us and about to be honoured by his fellow-burgesses, by the presentation to him by the Town Council, in name of the community, of a Highland claymore, with appropriate inscription, and by entertaining him to a public banquet under the patronage of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council. His career is not by any means without precedent, but it is one of which all of his race may well be proud. Without fortune or influence, by steady adherence to duty, by doing bravely and well whatever it came in his way to do, he has literally fought his way into the front rank of soldiers—shown himself to be fit for any command, and to be, as Sir Garnet Wolseley has described him, “a pillar of strength to any army with which he may be connected.” He shows once more that

“The path of duty is the way to glory.”

M.A.R.S.

FIRST HIGHLAND EMIGRATION TO NOVA SCOTIA: ARRIVAL OF THE SHIP “HECTOR.”

ON Friday evening, the 8th December last, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, delivered, in Buckie, one of a series of lectures arranged every winter under the auspices of the Buckie Literary Institution, a thriving Association, for the success of which a West Coast Highlander, Mr John Macdonald, banker, deserves a large portion of credit. The lecture was entitled “A Tour in Canada, from Cape Breton to Niagara.” The portion of it which refers to the arrival of the ship “Hector” with the first cargo of Highlanders, numbering about two hundred souls, and a few incidents in their after experience may prove interesting to the reader. There were only sixteen families in the settle-

ment on the arrival of these pioneers, and these were soon afterwards reduced to five. The Lecturer proceeded :—

The arrival of the ship *Hector*, in 1773, was the first, as well as the most important, event in the history of Highland emigration, or indeed of any emigration to the Lower Provinces of British North America. The *Hector* was engaged in this traffic for several years, and brought out, in 1770, a band of Scottish emigrants. She belonged to Mr Pagan, a Greenock merchant, and landed a band of Scots in Boston, in that year. This Pagan and a Dr Witherspoon bought three shares of land in Pictou, and they engaged a Mr John Ross as their agent to accompany the *Hector* to Scotland, to bring out as many colonists as possible. To these they offered a free passage, a farm, and a year's free provisions. Ross arrived in Scotland with the vessel, and drew a glowing picture of the land and of the other manifold advantages to be found in the new country. The Highlanders knew nothing of the difficulties awaiting them in a land covered over with a dense unbroken forest, and, tempted by the prospect of owning splendid farms of their own, they were imposed upon, and many of them agreed to accompany him across the Atlantic. Calling first at Greenock, three families and five single young men joined the vessel at that port. She then sailed to Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, where she received 33 families and 25 single men, the whole of her passengers numbering about 200 souls. This band, in the beginning of July 1773, bade a final farewell to their native land, not a soul on board having ever crossed the Atlantic, except a single sailor and John Ross, the agent. As they were leaving, a piper came on board who had not paid his passage; the captain ordered him ashore, but the strains of the national instrument affected those on board so much that they pleaded to have him allowed to accompany them, and offered to share their own rations with him, in exchange for his music, during the passage. Their request was granted, and his performance aided in no small degree to cheer the noble band of pioneers in their long voyage of eleven weeks, in a miserable hulk, across the Atlantic. The pilgrim band kept up their spirits, as best they could, by song, pipe music, dancing, wrestling, and other amusements, through the long and painful voyage. The ship was so rotten that the passengers could pick the wood out of her sides with their fingers. They met with a severe gale off the Newfoundland coast, and were driven back so far that it took them about fourteen days to get again to the point where the gale first met them. The accommodation was wretched. Smallpox and dysentery broke out among the passengers. Eighteen of the children died, and were committed to the deep, amidst such anguish and heart-rending agony as only a Highlander can fully appreciate. Their stock of provisions became exhausted, the water became scarce and bad, the remnant of provisions left consisted mainly of salt meat, which, from the scarcity of water, added greatly to their sufferings. The oatcake, carried by them, became mouldy, so that much of it was thrown away before they dreamt of having such a long passage; but, fortunately for them, one of the passengers, Hugh Macleod, more prudent than the others, gathered up the despised scraps into a bag, and during the last few days of the voyage his fellows were glad to join him in devouring this refuse to keep soul and body together. At last, however, on the 15th of September, the *Hector* dropped anchor in the harbour, opposite where the town of Pictou now stands. Though the Highland dress was then proscribed at home, this emigrant band carried theirs along with them, and, in celebration of their arrival, many of the younger men donned their national dress—to which a few of them were able to add the *Sgian Dubh* and the claymore—while the

piper blew up his pipes with might and main, its thrilling tones, for the first time, startling the denizens of the endless forest, and its echoes resounding through the wild solitude. The stream of Scottish emigration which flowed in after years, not only over Pictou, but over the greater portion of the Eastern Province of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, portions of New Brunswick, and even the Upper Provinces of Canada, began with the arrival of the *Hector*; for those who came in her, in after years, communicated with their friends and induced them to join; and the stream continued to deepen and widen ever since. The Scottish immigrants are admitted upon all hands to have given its backbone of moral and religious strength to the Province, and to those brought over from the Highlands in this vessel is due the honour of being in the forefront—the pioneers and vanguard.

But how different was the reality to the expectations of these poor creatures, led by the plausibility of the emigration agent, to expect free estates on their arrival. The whole scene, as far as the eye could see, was a dense forest. They crowded on the deck to take stock of their future home, and their hearts sank within them. They were landed without the provisions promised them, and without shelter of any kind, and were only able by the aid of those few who were there before them, to erect camps of the rudest and most primitive description, to shelter their wives and their children from the elements. Their feelings of disappointment were most bitter, when they compared the actual facts with the free farms and the comfort promised them by the lying emigration agent. Many of them sat down in the forest and wept bitterly; hardly any provisions were possessed by the few who were before them, and what there was among them was soon devoured, making all—old and new comers—almost destitute. It was now too late to raise any crops that year. To make matters worse, they were sent some three miles into the forest, so that they could not even take advantage, with the same ease, of any fish that might be caught in the harbour. The whole thing appeared an utter mockery. To unskilled men the work of clearing seemed hopeless; they were naturally afraid of the Red Indian and of the wild beasts of the forest; without roads or paths, they were frightened to move for fear of getting lost in the unbroken forest. Can we wonder that, in such circumstances, they refused to settle on the company's lands? though, in consequence, when provisions arrived, the agents refused to give them any. Ross and the company quarrelled, and he ultimately left the new-comers to their fate. The few of them who had a little money bought what provisions they could from the agents, while others, less fortunate, exchanged their clothes for food; but the greater number had neither money nor clothes to spend or exchange, and they were all left quite destitute. Thus driven to extremity, they determined to have the provisions retained by the agents, right or wrong, and two of them went to claim them. They were positively refused, but they determined to take what they could by force. They seized the agents, tied them, took their guns from them, which they hid at a distance; told them that they must have the food for their families, but that they were quite willing and determined to pay for them, if ever they were able to do so. They then carefully weighed, or measured, the various articles, took account of what each man received and left, except one, a powerful and determined fellow, who was left behind to release the two agents. This he did, after allowing sufficient time for his friends to get to a safe distance, and he informed the prisoners where they could find their guns. Intelligence was sent to Halifax that the Highlanders were in rebellion, from whence orders were sent to a Captain Archibald in Truro, to march his company of militia to suppress and pacify the rebels; but to his honour be it said, he, point blank, refused, and sent word that

he would 'do no such thing. I know the Highlanders,' he said, 'and if they are fairly treated there will be no trouble with them.' Finally, orders were given to supply them with provisions, and Mr Paterson, one of the agents, it is said, used afterwards to say that the Highlanders who arrived in poverty, and who had been so badly treated, had paid him every farthing with which he had trusted them.

It would be tedious to describe the sufferings which they afterwards endured. Many of them left. Others, fathers, mothers, and children, bound themselves away as virtual slaves in other settlements for a mere subsistence. Those who remained lived in small huts, covered only with the bark or branches of trees to shelter them from the bitter winter cold, of the severity of which they had no previous conception. They had to walk some eighty miles, through a trackless forest in deep snow to Truro, to obtain a few bushels of potatoes, or a little flour in exchange for their labour, dragging them back all the way on their backs. A man by the name of Hugh Fraser, after having exhausted every means of procuring food for his starving family, resorted to the desperate expedient of cutting down a birch tree and boiling the buds for his little ones. On another occasion a small supply of potatoes, which had been brought from a long distance for seed, were planted, but the family were so severely pinched that they had to dig up some of the splits and eat them after they were planted. Various other incidents of hardships experienced by the same family—and that one of the families who had brought some means with them—will give an idea of the horrors endured by these pioneers for the first few years after their arrival. The remembrance of these terrible days sank deep into the minds of that generation, and long after, even to this day, the narration of the scenes and cruel hardships through which they had to pass, beguiled, and now beguiles, many a winter's night as they sit by their now comfortable firesides.

In the following spring they set to work, and soon improved their position. They cleared some of the forest, and planted a larger crop. They learned to hunt the moose, a kind of large deer. They began to cut timber, and sent a cargo from Pictou—the first of a trade very profitably and extensively carried on ever since. The population had, however, grown less than it was before their arrival; for in this year it amounted only to 78 persons. The produce raised was 269 bushels of wheat, 13 of rye, 56 of peas, 36 of barley, 100 of oats, and 340 lbs. of flax. The farm stock consisted of 13 oxen, 13 cows, 15 young neat cattle, 25 sheep, and one pig. One of the modes of laying up a supply of food for the winter was to dig up a large quantity of clams, or large oysters, pile them in large heaps on the sea shore, and then cover them over with sand, though they were often, in winter, obliged to cut through ice more than a foot thick to get at them.

This narrative will give a fair idea of the hardships experienced by the earlier emigrants to Nova Scotia, though in some cases matters were not quite so bad. In Prince Edward Island, however, a colony from Lockerbie, in Dumfries-shire, who came out in 1774, seemed to have fared even worse. They commenced operations on the Island with fair prospects of success, when a visitation or plague of locusts, or field mice, broke out, and consumed everything, even the potatoes in the ground; and for eighteen months the settlers experienced all the miseries of a famine, having for several months only what lobsters or shell-fish they could gather on the sea-shore. The winter brought them to such a state of weakness that they were unable to convey food a reasonable distance, even when they had means to buy it.

In this pitiful position they heard that the Pictou people were making progress, and that they had some provisions to spare. They sent one of their number to make

enquiry. One of the American settlers, when he came to Pictou, brought a few slaves with him, and at this time, he had just been to Truro to sell one of them, and brought home some provisions with the proceeds of the sale of the negro. The messenger from Prince Edward Island was putting up at this man's house. He was a bit of a humourist, and continued cheerful in spite of all his troubles. On his return to the Island, the people congregated to hear the news. 'What kind of place is Pictou?' enquired one. 'Oh, an awful place. Why, I was staying with a man who was just eating the last of his nigger;' and the poor creatures were reduced to such a point themselves that they actually believed the people of Pictou to be in such a condition as to oblige them to live on the flesh of their coloured servants. They were told, however, that matters were not quite so bad as that, and fifteen families left Prince Edward Island for the earlier settlement, where, for a time, they fared little better, but afterwards became prosperous and happy. A few of their children, and thousands of their grandchildren, are now living in comfort and plenty. But who can think of these early hardships and cruel existences without condemning the cruel and heartless Highland and Scottish lairds, who made existence at home almost as miserable for those noble fellows, and who then drove them in thousands out of their native land, not caring one iota whether they sank in the Atlantic, or were starved to death on a strange and uncongenial soil? Retributive justice demands that posterity should execrate the memories of the authors of such misery and horrid cruelty. It may seem uncharitable to speak thus of the dead; but it is impossible to forget their inhuman conduct, though, no thanks to them—cruel tigers in human form—it has turned out for the better, for the descendants of those who were banished to what was then infinitely worse than transportation for the worst crimes. Such criminals were looked after and cared for; but those poor fellows, driven out of their homes by the Highland lairds, and sent across yonder, were left to starve, helpless and uncared for. Their descendants are now a prosperous and thriving people, and retribution is at hand. The descendants of the evicted from Sutherland, Ross, Inverness shires, and elsewhere, to Canada, are producing enormous quantities of food, and millions of cattle, to pour them into the old country. What will be the consequence? The sheep-farmer—the primary and original cause of the evictions—has already suffered. The price of stock in Scotland must inevitably fall. Rents must follow, and the joint authors of the original iniquity will, as a class, now suffer the natural and just penalty of their past misconduct.

What has been said of those who first colonised Pictou may also, with equal truth, be said of the whole of the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They, however, soon got over the first difficulties in the New World, and rapidly became prosperous, as they gradually cleared the forest and brought the land under the plough.

The whole of Nova Scotia is exceedingly rich in minerals, especially the district round Pictou, where we have the thickest seam of coal in the world, being for 33 to 40 feet deep, and only 212 feet under the surface. There are about 1600 miners regularly employed in the Pictou mines alone. The coal area of the Province is estimated at 9000 square miles. Pictou town has a population of between three and four thousand souls, while the country has some thirty-five thousand, of whom about thirty-two thousand are Protestants of the bluest type. The whole Presbytery kept out of the Union of all the Presbyterian bodies in Canada a few years ago.